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stones told where a young girl was left in a nameless grave. The teamster knows the spot and the wolf howls her requiem. My tent could not be pitched for the want of sufficient soil to receive the stakes, and I slept in the ambulance, but there was a mule tied to each wheel, and as it was a long time since I slept in a cradle, I found my situation about as comfortable as might be supposed. The following day we descended another long cañon down, down until we find ourselves again at the Devil's river, much nearer its source; but the channel is still deep, and the banks, rising about as high as the Highlands of the Hudson, are rounded and interrupted by ravines, but the stratification is nowhere concealed. The bottom of the river is covered with rounded masses of stone and thickets of small trees. We camped near where the river widened into a small lake, on the margin of which a grove of pecans had grown to a great size. Wild turkeys resort to them at night. As the sun went down I planted myself near them to take a turkey when he came in to roost, but the pecans were lying thick around me, and I employed my time in picking them up until I had gathered a peck, which so well satisfied me that I returned to camp, but I paid dear for them. The *Rhus* or poison-oak, covered the ground beneath the trees, but as I had often exposed myself to it along the river bottoms of Texas and California with impunity, I gave no attention to it, but it was long before I could forget it. A turkey, a fawn, and some fish, were taken by the men. The road from this crossing continues up the bed of the river, which soon becomes lost in the rocks. The mules labor hard among the round stones which are left in heaps by the water after heavy rains. Camped at the head of the valley near a pond, called Beaver Lake. A large flock of turkeys flew away into a thicket of small live oaks. I saw where one alighted in a dead tree, and with great difficulty worked my way through the tall weeds that intervened, until I reached the spot where I expected to see the turkey: a large bird was perched at long range, and thinking it to be the bird I was after, I fired, and away flew a fish-hawk with one leg dangling below him, and at the same instant flew the turkey, from a tree directly over my head, with both legs in good order. I appeased my vexation by shooting three teal on the pond, and determined to have my satisfaction by waylaying them when they came in to roost. But in this I had as little success, though I spent two hours in a dense thicket where they ought to have come. Others were more successful, however, and more turkeys were slain than we could use. The succeeding day we again reached the table lands, if those can be called lands which are little else than rock. There we saw the first prairie-dog-town. This was to me an object of great interest, one which had been associated in my mind with the adventures of Clark and Lewis, and the far interior of the great West, destined to be, for ages to come, as it had been from time immemorial, the home of the savage.

These are landmarks that are necessary to make one realize how far he has wandered from the land where sleep our forefathers who heard the war-cry of the Indian. But, independently of associations, the

prairie-dog is an interesting animal. This community was small and limited by the nature of the ground. A small valley or depression in the ground had received the alluvium from the higher ground about it, to the depth, apparently, of several feet, and into which the marmot can readily excavate his burrow. They dig them a rod or more distant from each other, and never appear to stray far away, for, except in these, they have no protection from birds of prey, as well as wolves. They feed on the short, fine grass that seems to be confined to these flats. As this region is often many months without rain or dew, and the localities they select many miles from water, and the solid limestone which underlies the soil forbids deep excavations, it seems probable that they lived generally without water, or only such as the juices of the grass afforded them, and an examination of the stomach of one killed by the sergeant confirms me in that opinion. Their general appearance is that of the squirrel family, though they are twice the size of the grey squirrel, and their tails not half the length of their bodies. When they hear an unaccustomed sound they will rear themselves upon their hind feet to see what it means, and when they discover a white man approaching, with a gun in his hand, they run to their burrows, and looking over the little breast-work which is thrown up about them, they set up the barking which has given them the name of prairie-dogs, to which the red squirrel of the North has just as much claim, and whose bark, when you disturb him, very closely resembles this marmot's. A small burrowing owl is common in these towns, but what business it has there I could not learn. We descended from these table lands into another wide valley, several hundred feet deep, and camped near where there was a little water standing in a "hole," in a rocky ravine. The feet of the animals soon made it mud, but still they drank it. The scenery here was very picturesque. A valley about a mile wide, with a smooth, level floor, covered with grass and mesquites, here reduced to a diminutive shrub, is shut in by the table lands protruding in distinct heads, like hills, their flat tops on a level with the general surface of the table lands, and all presenting near their summits a perpendicular wall, like a parapet to a fort, or the wall of an old castle, from which the earth slopes abruptly down to the floor of the valley. From our camp that night I counted eleven of these "Castle mountains," as they have been called. The heavy strata of rock presenting themselves are uniform throughout, and were once continuous, but the action of running water for ages has made this deep valley, and separated their headlands a mile asunder. All the next day we journeyed through this valley to where it opens into another at Howard's Springs. This is another noted camping-place. So scarce is water in this region, for the most of the time, that any party passing either way near it must stop here. The water rises in considerable quantity through the pebbles in the bed of the *arroyo*, and disappears as suddenly. Even water-fowl are forced to resort to it, and in the muddy pond ducks are always to be found. It lies in the great Comanche trail to Mexico, and is reputed to be a dangerous pass. A few

small trees grow near the spring, and a small thicket of willows grows in a ravine at the foot of a ledge of limestone, in the crevices of which juniper trees, here called "cedars," begin to show themselves. I killed a turkey in the afternoon, and finding that they resorted to the willows to roost, I arranged with the sergeant that we should go at sundown to the bluff and shoot them as they came in. When I arrived at the spot there was a number of them in full sight, but as the sergeant had not come, I waited for him until it became so dark that I could scarcely see them. When he came, it was arranged that we should fire simultaneously, but one turkey only was killed, and we could no longer distinguish them in the obscurity of the night. Still we were disposed to hunt them, and we traversed the ravine, one on each side of the willows, until we could no longer distinguish each other. I had been stealing my way quietly along for some time without hearing anything from my friend, and I hailed him. When he exclaimed, close by me, "My God! Doctor, is that you? I thought it was a turkey?" He had indeed been following me for some time, trying to get a good sight at me, and my calling to him, perhaps, saved me from the effects of a charge of slugs from his musket. The next day we travelled out of the valley and camped on the table land at the head of a canon, whose depth we were prevented from seeing by the growth of cedars. The rain-water in rocks served our animals, and the grass was much better than we had seen for a week. In this vicinity, the prairie-dog towns are numerous, and herds of the prong-horned antelope were seen. They are very timid, and so difficult to shoot that their horns are rarely seen in the possession of any one but their natural owner. I arrived on the following day at the encampment, where I now write, on Live-oak-creek.

J. D. B. S.

What struck me the most in my journey, in Holland was the perfect resemblance everything bore to what I have seen in the Dutch pictures. Every bush, and house, and window, and above all, the people themselves, struck me as if I had seen them and known them before. The styles of their different painters were so various, and their variety of objects so few, that one may say every object has been painted, and of course, therefore perfectly familiar to one acquainted with their pictures. I have felt this, to such a degree, that it almost seems like as if one had a previous existence.—*Wilkie.*

EVENING PRAYER.

(From the German.)

BY A. M.

Thou the golden stars art planting
In the fields of blue on high,
Which are near and far extending
One eternal realm of sky.

Seeds of lofty thoughts and earnest,
"Mid the loneliness of night,
Calmly growing, calmly swelling,
In the stillness of their might.

And upon the earth are sprouting,
Decked with flow'rets fresh and new,
Till the earth with life all teeming,
As a flower is shining too.

Father of the stars eternal!
Source of joy to every breast!
Take I oh take this lonely yond're
Fold me in thy arms to rest